

DEMOCRATIC PIONEER.

Mr. D. J. Hill, Argus Office, Norfolk, Va., is authorized to receive subscriptions, &c., for the Pioneer and receipt for the same. He will also forward any favors from our Norfolk friends intended for publication in this paper.

Volney B. Palmer is authorized to receive advertisements for the Democratic Pioneer in New York, Philadelphia and Boston, and receipt for the payment of the same.

William Thompson, S. E. corner of Baltimore and South sts., is authorized to receive advertisements for the Democratic Pioneer in the city of Baltimore, and receipt for the payment of the same.

TUESDAY MORNING, SEPT. 10, 1850.

Hon. John S. Millson, of Virginia, will please accept our thanks for interesting Congressional documents.

DAGUERRETYPE.—Those of our citizens who may desire to procure an accurate likeness of the "human face divine," are advised to call on Mr. Minnis, who is prepared to execute all orders in his line. See advertisement.

It is curious how men will "wire in and wire out" for the purpose of subverting their own ends. They may not even "keep up appearances" in point of consistency—but what boots it? They may even strike some of their own friends in their efforts to break down an adversary—but no matter: the end will justify the means. Talk to them about their inconsistencies, and they will give you about as much enlightenment on the subject as did the short-sighted philosopher who asserted that the earth rested upon the back of an elephant; and when asked what sustained the elephant, he answered, a huge turtle; and when still further questioned as to what supported the turtle, he replied—that's none of your business!

Let us illustrate this. If we are not mistaken, (and if we are, we shall be most happy to be corrected,) the Senator elect from this District is an open and avowed Nashville Convention man—so declared himself during the late canvass, and his constituents had abundant opportunity of knowing this. In other words, he is true to the South on this question, and desires to see the slavery question settled upon the plan recommended by the Nashville Convention. This is precisely the ground we assumed. We endorse the action of the Nashville Convention, and desire to see its recommendation carried out. The Senator elect and ourselves, therefore, stand upon the same platform on this subject; and yet the editor of the "Old North State" denounces us as a disunionist, and votes for him as a Senator! Now we are aware that if we undertake to show the inconsistency of the thing, the editor of that paper is prepared to laugh at our logic; but we shrewdly suspect that the people will take a different view of the matter, and, as they are not blinded by prejudice, will see something in the course of the "Old North State" which cannot easily be reconciled.

It will be remembered that the editor of the "Old North State" charged the Democratic party with making every thing subservient to party ends; by fair implication, then, we have a right to suppose that he would not do so, and that he regarded this question as above party—consequently, in voting for the Senator elect from this District, he must have endorsed the sentiments of that gentleman upon this subject, which is above all party; and yet, forsooth, he has the audacity to denounce us as a disunionist, although we are standing side by side with the Senator elect, for whom he himself voted!

This, then, is about the position of this modern philosopher: He denounces the editor of the Pioneer as a disunionist—and why? Because he advocates the plan recommended by the Nashville Convention. But he votes for and approves the course of the Senator elect, who advocates the same plan—and why? That's none of your business! Verily, "whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad."

A delegation of nine Indian chiefs arrived in Washington on the 30th ult., for the purpose of having a "talk" with their pale chief at the big cabin, (the White House,) and the transaction of some important business. They represent the Menominee tribe, from Northwestern Wisconsin, and are dressed in showy Indian costume, with their long black hair hanging loosely over their shoulders. This tribe number some 2,200, of whom, 500 are being educated and christianized, and instructed in the science of agriculture.

Jenny Lind, the celebrated Swedish nightingale, has arrived in New York, and will immediately commence giving a series of concerts in that city. The Queen of Great Britain herself would scarcely create a greater sensation by her appearance on our shores, than has the advent of this Queen of Song. Barnum, it is said, intends selling tickets of admission to his concerts at auction, to the highest bidder. This is a mammoth speculation, and "makes him, or undoes him quite."

WHIG CONSISTENCY.

When the Whig party came into power, under the leadership of Gen. Taylor, they professed to hold in utter detestation the proscription policy which they alleged previous administrations had pursued. These "spoils-hating" and "proscriptive-loathing" patriots gave the country to understand that no political guillotine would be erected under their rule, but on the contrary harmony and brotherly love should prevail. John M. Clayton, Gen. Taylor's Prime minister, said that "while he (Gen. Taylor) will do his duty in removing corrupt, incompetent, or unfaithful men from office, he will not be the supporter of that infamous system of proscription which distributes the offices of the country as the spoils of party victory." Mr. Crittenden, the present Attorney General, is reported as saying of Gen. Taylor—"he hates, loathes proscription! God forbid he should proscribe any man on account of a difference of political sentiment.—He would as soon think of running from a Mexican!" And such was the general tenor of Whig professions in regard to the distribution of the offices under government: to which Gen. Taylor had given his countenance, by declaring he would not be a party President.

Now let us compare Whig profession with Whig practice. In the Post Office Department alone during the first year of Whig rule, there were three thousand four hundred and six Democrats sacrificed upon the altar of party, to make room for an equal number of office-hating Whigs! And in the other Departments hundreds of Democratic heads were brought to the block and suffered under the axe of ruthless proscription—aye, proscription for opinion's sake, for no charge was brought or could be sustained against their "honesty, capacity or fidelity," which Gen. Taylor promised to make the test of fitness for office.—Why, Gen. Jackson himself, whose administration was and is held up in holy horror as the "bloody reign," only removed 491 Whigs in the same period of time! Yet he is charged with having pursued a policy of relentless proscription, notwithstanding those who bring the charge have "prescribed" nearly a thousand for every hundred he turned out! In fact, more removals from office for opinion's sake have been made by the no-party administration, than were ever known during any preceding administration, no matter how bitter and relentless its party proclivities.

And yet, notwithstanding all these facts, and notwithstanding nearly all the important offices are already filled with "faithful" Whigs (the reward of party services,) the cry of "more blood" is being raised by a portion of that very consistent and "spoils-hating" party.—As a specimen of Whig consistency and Whig mercy, we quote the following from the last "Albany Bulletin," whose editor, like the horse-leech, will not be satisfied until the last drop of heart's blood has been drained:

It is announced with some appearance of authenticity that the long delayed justice due to the Whigs in the matter of removals from and appointments to office, is about to be rendered. The Navy Department especially is to be renovated. We are glad to learn that the distinguished gentlemen, now in charge of the different Portfolios, will repudiate the short-sighted policy of their immediate predecessors, and under the howls of the Union (who by the way played the scarecrow very effectually to the late Cabinet) will now award to the Whigs that rightful participation in the emoluments of office, to which by their devotion, energy and zeal they are justly entitled.

"We are glad to learn that the distinguished gentlemen now in charge of the different Portfolios, will repudiate the short-sighted policy of their immediate predecessors," &c. &c. Why, what a very vampire the editor of the "Bulletin" must be! Their immediate predecessors, or rather one alone among them, removed 3,406 Democrats in a single year—but that is not enough—that was "short-sighted policy!" But the editor further rejoices that the "distinguished gentlemen now in charge of the different Portfolios" "will now award to the Whigs that rightful participation in the emoluments of office, to which, by their devotion, energy and zeal, they are justly entitled!" "What bloody part will Roscius next enact?" Gen. Taylor proposed "honesty, capacity and fidelity" as the test of fitness for office; but the "Bulletin" suggests that of "devotion, energy and zeal" in the Whig cause!

Now these things would not surprise us if the Whig party had not sailed under "false colors" and professed to loathe and detest proscription, and then turned round, and waged a bitter and relentless war of extermination upon Democratic office-holders. And we especially regret to hear such language from the editor of the "Bulletin," because we honor him for the noble stand which he has taken on the great question of the day, and had hoped that a more liberal spirit would have characterized his course on this question.

The editor of the Georgia "Citizen," (a paper published in Macon) has been ordered to remove his press within ten days, in consequence of some publication on the subject of slavery. The citizens held a meeting and appointed a committee to inform him that he and his printing materials must be off in the time specified.

BEAUTIES OF THE "OLD NORTH STATE."

Verily our neighbor must be of the genus chameleon. Never have we witnessed such a display of inconsistency in an equal period. One day he charges us with making every thing subservient to party—and then charges us with disregarding the example and advice of the great Democratic leaders, such as the "Union," "Enquirer," &c. &c. Now, how can we make every thing subservient to party at the same time that it is alleged that we differ with some of the leaders of that party? Our neighbor's mad—crazy, or something else, or he would certainly avoid catching himself in his own net so often.

But again: We quoted extracts showing a total disagreement between the "Old North State" and the "Raleigh Register." Without attempting to reconcile the discrepancy, our neighbor cites us to differences between us and others of our party. Now he must forget that he very recently informed his readers that two wrongs never made a right; and, therefore he was estopped from pleading our inconsistency, even if it existed, in justification of his own. But our neighbor could not defend his case on its own merits, and was compelled to shift the scene and draw off the public attention. He should charge his memory better, and not one day knock down the castle he built the day before.

There may possibly be some wit in the above extract (from the Pioneer.) It may be exceedingly caustic and severe—it may be satirical, in fine, it may be every thing its author intended it to be, but it is so exceedingly deep, if not obscure, so watery if not muddy, that we have not as yet been enabled to discover its point.

Well, there's nothing surprising in that. If a natural deficiency exists in our neighbor's powers of perception, he cannot blame us for it. That's his misfortune—not our fault.

Perhaps, however, if we were vain enough, we might cite an anecdote illustrative of the position of our neighbor. It is related that a swordsman was ordered to execute a convict; and so expert was he in the use of this weapon, that with a whisk of his trusty blade, he severed the head from the shoulders so smoothly that the victim himself was not "enabled to discover its point" until directed to spit, in the attempt to do which, his head rolled off the block.—Now Bulwer says the "pen is mightier than the sword." But modesty forbids our indulging such a strain, and we, therefore, leave the matter where we found it—in the dark—congratulating ourself that upon our shoulders does not rest the responsibility of our neighbor's failings.

HOISTED BY HIS OWN PETARD!

The "Old North State" triumphantly refers us to Mr. McDowell, of Va., and holds that gentleman up as a striking commentary upon our course. Well we have referred to Mr. McD., and find that, on Tuesday—

Mr. McDowell, of Va., eloquently addressed the House. He would not, he said, have risen, had not the Wilmot Proviso been introduced. He then proceeded to speak of it in terms of reprehension. In its length and breadth, it was an undisguised, deliberate disunion proposition. It was utterly impossible to produce any other result.

Now, we think that Mr. McDowell blows the "Old North State" sky-high for he denounces the Wilmot Proviso as "an undisguised, deliberate DISUNION PROPOSITION"—it was utterly impossible to produce any other result.—Yet that paper says it is not sufficient cause for disunion, and still has the hardihood to invoke the authority of a man who would scorn to hold opinions such as those of the "Old North State."

Our neighbor also commends us to the example of the editor of the "Union." Well, we have referred to him, too, and in his paper of the same date as that on which the "Old North State" appeared, he holds this language:

"No one has more openly rung in their (Northern) ears, and now when this very Wilmot Proviso is in issue before the House of Representatives, that its passage would sound the knell of disunion, and that the South never would submit to it."

Yet the "Old North State" does not think the passage of the Proviso would be sufficient cause for "sounding the knell of disunion," and still invokes the aid of the "Union," which denies the constitutionality of the Proviso, (in direct opposition to our neighbor's opinion,) and therefore differs as widely as possible with the "Old North State."—Verily, our neighbor is "hoisted by his own petard."

The editor of the "Old North State" has permitted us to go nearly "Scott free" this week, and has turned his batteries upon our correspondents. Well, we have no cause to complain, and think it highly probable that he will fare worse in their hands than ours. He did not give us his second edition of Wilmot Provisism, owing to his engagements at court. We shall look for it on Saturday.

The captain of a Yankee schooner was nabbed in Richmond on the 30th ult., on suspicion of kidnapping slaves. Two slaves were found secreted on board his vessel.

CONGRESSIONAL SUMMARY.

On Saturday, 31st ult., the resolution submitted in the House of Representatives by Mr. Stanley, for the arrest of Mr. Ritchie, of the "Union," because he refused to divulge the private affairs of his office, was killed by an overwhelming majority. So much for Stanley's folly!

In the Senate on Wednesday last Mr. Clay's bill for the suppression of the Slave Trade in the District of Columbia was taken up, and its further consideration postponed till Tuesday next (to-day.) The Post Office Appropriation bill was then taken up, and, after a long debate, passed.

The bill providing for the establishment of a regular line between New Orleans and Vera Cruz, by steamers, also passed.

REJECTION OF THE TEXAS BOUNDARY BILL.

In the House, after the transaction of some formal business during the morning hour, Mr. McLean's demand for the previous question upon referring the Texas Boundary Bill to the Committee of the Whole, which was pending last evening when the House adjourned, was declared to be the first business in order. The call was sustained by the following vote: yeas 99, nays 90. A motion was then made to lay the bill upon the table—rejected: yeas 30, nays 169. A motion was then made to refer the bill to the Committee of the Whole, which failed by the following vote: yeas 99, nays 101. Mr. Walder moved to reconsider the vote just taken, and Mr. Root, moved to lay that motion upon the table. Mr. Root's motion failed—yeas 100, nays 102. The Speaker voting in the negative.

The question was then taken on the motion to reconsider, and it prevailed—yeas 104, nays 98. The question then being on the reference of the bill and amendments to the Committee of the Whole, the House refused to refer by the following vote: yeas 101, nays 104. The question recurring upon the amendment of Mr. Clingman, proposing to divide the line of 36 deg. 30 min., it was put up to vote and rejected. Mr. Boyd's amendment shared a similar fate; the bill then coming up on its third reading, a motion to reject it was made, and it prevailed by the following vote: yeas 80, nays 126. Mr. Boyd moved a reconsideration of the last named vote, pending which motion, the House adjourned.

On Thursday, the motion rejecting the bill was reconsidered, the New Mexico Territorial Government bill tacked on to it, and again defeated.

Major Weightman, U. S. Senator elect from New Mexico, has sent a dispatch to the President, informing him that a collision had taken place between the U. S. troops and the new government authorities. Thus Mr. Fillmore's own government and his own troops are at loggerheads. Another commentary upon the wise policy adopted by Whig administrations! Heaven save the country from Whig rule and Whig ruin!

For the Democratic Pioneer.

MR. EDITOR: There is a mistake that requires correction in regard to the late Senatorial election in the district composed of Gates and Chowan counties. The Whig candidate had no regular opposition. A large portion of the Democrats of the district intended to vote for the Hon. Whitcomb Stallings, which prevented the nomination of a regular Democratic candidate. He was voted for without his consent, and he did not go from home, as is stated, upon electioneering purposes. He did not electioneer, while the Whig candidate and his friends made themselves busy the whole time to secure an election, when there was no opposition to their triumph. Mr. Stallings is still the same high-minded, honorable man that he has always been, and if he had been really a candidate for the Senate, old Gates and Chowan would have told a tale at the polls that would have sickened the hearts of many of the aspiring demagogues of the district. As an evidence that his neighbors appreciate his worth, they gave him a larger majority at his own precinct than he ever received for the Senate before, and that, too, whilst he stood at the polls and told the people he was no candidate.

He does not aspire to public life again; he prefers that peace and quietude which his long devotion to the public service and the infirmities of his age require; and in his retirement has carried with him the gratitude of his friends, while his personal and political foes cannot point their finger to a single stain of his public life.

For the Pioneer.

MR. EDITOR: "Vindex" considers it only requisite to say to the editor of the "Old North State" that his allusions being "rather contemptible," are not entitled to any further notice from him. When the editor has so far disgraced himself of his venom as to be able to tolerate an honest difference of opinion, and combat it by the force of argument instead of dealing in ungenerous and unwarrantable allusions, he may at least command respect for his exertions, should he fail to convince of error. If the study of "Webster's quarto" will teach one a little common sense, and less learning, "Vindex" would advise the dignified conductor of the "Old North State" to commence it forthwith. That paper undertakes to "lead in his blunder" to put more powder, or he may again overshoot the mark. It is probable that the "mark" has been and will continue to be "overshot," for low must be the aim indeed to succeed in striking a target so very small.

VINDEX.

"Tom, you 'sot," said a temperance man to a tipping friend, "what makes you drink such stuff as you do? Why the very hogs wouldn't touch that brandy." "That's cause they is brutes," said Tom. "Poor creatures! they donno what's good."

"You want a flogging, that's what you want," said a parent to his unruly son. "I know it dad, but I'll try to get along without it," said the independent little brat.

LATER FROM CALIFORNIA.

ARRIVAL OF THE EMPIRE CITY.

One Million of Gold arrived and a Million and a Half More Coming—Glittering Accounts from the Gold Regions—Health of the Miners—Cholera broken out on board the Steamer Panama—Forty Passengers dead.

[Transmitted for the Baltimore American.]

NEW YORK, September 5.

The Steamer Empire City arrived here this morning from Chagres. She brings San Francisco dates to the 1st of August. The ship Emily, Cope, was at San Francisco on the 31st of July.

The Empire City brings 186 passengers. She has on board one million one hundred and fifty-six thousand dollars in gold, \$756,000 of which are on freight and \$400,000 in the hands of passengers. The steamer Georgia, en route, brings one million and a half.

The steamer Panama arrived at Panama with two weeks later mails from San Francisco, and two millions three hundred thousand dollars in gold. The cholera had broken out on board the Panama, and forty of her passengers died from the effects of the disease. The consternation and distress on board was very great.

General Riley is among the passengers of the Empire City.

The troubles at the Southern mines, especially in the neighborhood of Sonora, are very great. We have repeated and continued reports of terrible murders and extensive robberies.

The U. S. propeller Massachusetts, arrived at Astoria, with the joint commission of the Army and Navy Officers appointed to select positions for light-houses and fortifications.

There is every prospect of a large and thorough business at San Francisco this fall. Workmen are now busily engaged grading and planking the streets in anticipation of the rainy season. Artesian wells and reservoirs have been made, and fire companies organized to guard against fires.

Everything looks cheering, and gives promise of abundant seasons to merchants, mechanics and men of business.

The Empire City brings no mails from California, they being on board the "Georgia."

The accounts from California are very cheering. A six-pound lump of gold was brought to San Francisco, and also a quantity from the east side of the "Sierra Nevada," where new diggings have been found.

FROM THE GOLD REGIONS.—The advices from the Gold Regions are very encouraging, both as regards health and business. On Bear River, the gold diggers average \$8 per day. The average at the Rough and Ready diggings is yet down at \$6 per day. At Grass Valley, they are realizing \$20 per day. Nevada City is doing well. The States is very rich, yielding from fifty to two hundred dollars per pan-full.

John F. Morse, who has travelled over all the diggings, in a letter published in the Alta California, of the 1st of August, (from which paper we glean our information) says: "Among as many as five thousand miners, who come within my observation, I scarcely heard of sickness. I heard of but six cases of sickness during my whole tour, and I asked in every place. There is an air of cheerfulness and buoyancy which is peculiarly inspiring. I know people at home (I mean on the other side of the Alleghenies) must be delighted to hear what in many cases affects most intimately those whom they love and hold in constant remembrance."

ANARCHY IN THE MINES.—The Alta California says: We are in a state of transition from bad to worse. The miners are up in arms, irritated beyond endurance, and there exists a universal sentiment of hatred against foreigners. At the Mormon "Gulep," resolutions have been passed to drive all Mexicans from the mines. They have received notice to quit in fifteen days, or they will be expelled by force!

SAN JOAQUIN DISTRICT.

The citizens of Stockton recently held a meeting, at the Owen house in that city, and in view of the alarming state of affairs in San Joaquin District, considered the recent cruel murders perpetrated by bands of lawless robbers who infest the routes to the mines of that region, adopted measures to restore tranquility, and bring the guilty to justice. They determined to raise a corps of volunteers, mounted rangers, and opened a subscription to organize and equip them. They opened a roll at once, and a number of citizens subscribed their names.

SAN FRANCISCO MARKETS, Aug. 1. Flour is firm and tending upwards. There is not much business doing in Lumber, although it arrives freely. The prices merely nominal.

Bricks remain unchanged. Coal is in steady demand. Boots and Shoes are low.

There is a steady demand for Provisions at previous prices.

ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMERS GEORGIA AND CHEROKEE.

MORE GOLD!

NEW YORK, Sept. 6, A. M.

The steamer Georgia with the California mails, and one million and a half of Gold dust has arrived.

The steamer Cherokee has also arrived with one and a half millions in Gold.

This makes over four millions of the precious metal that has arrived from California since yesterday.

Neither of the above steamers bring any later California news than that brought by the Empire City.

JENNY LIND AT NEW YORK.

The New Yorkers are losing their wits about Jenny Lind. Read what the New York Sun of Monday says of her arrival at that port, on Sunday, in the Atlantic.

When the Atlantic reached her wharf the streets in the vicinity, for at least a block, were crowded, and vast accessions were being constantly made, whilst the decks and rigging of our neighboring vessels were black with persons anxious to get the first glimpse of one who, as yet, has been the admired of all admirers. Some preparations had been made to welcome the fair songstress. The long pier was decked with beautiful flowers, flags and evergreens, "Welcome to the Nightingale," and "Jenny Lind welcome to America," being very appropriately interwoven among them. A line of matting, from the gang-way to a new and very pretty carriage, expressly provided for Miss Lind's use during her stay in the country, had also been laid down, and many other little arrangements made evincing considerable taste.

A temporary gate had been erected across the pier to keep back the crowd until after the debarkation was complete. When all was ready, Capt. West appeared escorting Miss Lind, and, followed by Benedict and Belletti, who accompany her professionally, and also by Mr. Barnum, who had boarded the steamer at Quarantine, proceeded to the carriage, deafening shouts of welcome and applause, in which the passengers and crew on the steamer joined, and a shower of beautiful bouquets, marking the rapid transit. The carriage was then driven rapidly to the Irving House, attended by an immense concourse of people.

The New York Herald contains about two of its closely printed pages, all about "Jenny," from which we extract the following:

GRAND SERENADE TO JENNY LIND.—At midnight, the New York Musical Fund Society, numbering some two hundred musicians, gave a grand serenade to Mademoiselle Lind. Some twenty companies of the New York firemen escorted the band and Society to the Irving House, and the crowd that assembled there at that hour exceeded any thing witnessed in New York for a generation.

There could not be under twenty to thirty thousand persons present, and the greatest excitement and enthusiasm prevailed when the object of all their honor appeared at the window. When the firemen succeeded in clearing a space for the band under the window at which she appeared, they struck up "Hail Columbia," followed by "Yankee Doodle," and when she was told they were the national airs of America, she exclaimed, "How beautiful! how splendid!" and alternately laughed and wept. She waved her handkerchief earnestly, and requested Mr. Barnum to call for an encore—a request that was followed by tremendous cheering. The band then played "Hail Columbia" and "Yankee Doodle" again, when she expressed her admiration as rapturously as before, and intimated that she would sing the former during her stay in New York. She clasped her hands with the greatest enthusiasm.

Immediately after the serenade was concluded, the following committee from the Musical Fund Society waited upon her in her apartments, to present her with an address, and welcome her to America in the name of its musicians: A. Henry, C. Watson, George Loder, J. A. Kely, Allen Dwyer, John C. Scherpf. Mr. Watson on being introduced by Mr. Barnum, read the address.

Jenny Lind, who held her head to the ground during the reading of the address, then said, her voice half choked with her emotion: "I am sorry I cannot express my feelings; but I am sure you will understand what I mean, and that I am very grateful for your kindness, and I hope in future to merit your approbation. I trust you will excuse my bad English. The sight there to-night, (pointing to the window) was the most beautiful I ever saw." [Applause.]

IMPORTANT AND INTERESTING FROM TEXAS.

NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 27.

The Texas Governor's message was referred to a committee of both Houses—13 in the Senate, and 21 in the House. The first resolution, passed unanimously by the committee, was as follows:—"That Texas will maintain the integrity of her territories at all hazards. On the 16th, a bill was introduced into the Senate, authorizing the Governor to raise five regiments of 1,000 men each—the pay the same as the United States troops of the same class—each volunteer furnishing his own horse and arms. The bounty, half a section of land for three months service; whole section for six; two sections for twelve months." The Governor is authorized to command personally.

The Galveston News says that Senator Pearce's bill will be hailed with satisfaction by the citizens of Texas generally.

A part of Capt. French's company were attacked by a party of twenty-five Indians about sixty miles from Corpus Christi, and two of the party named Sullivan and Wilbarger, were killed, and another named Neil was dangerously wounded. The Indians entered Corpus Christi and stole 95 horses. The citizens of Texas were petitioning the Governor to raise a force to expel the Indians.

The corn and cotton crops of Texas promise a large yield.

A tremendous freshet has occurred at Augusta, Georgia. The river had risen twenty feet, and fears were entertained that great damage would ensue.

A NEW PLATFORM.

An aspirant for a county office being asked what his political principles were, announced his platform thus: "I am, sir, in favor of the next war, opposed to the cholera, in favor of high salaries—opposed to uncurrent funds and poor brandy."

"A quickness and violence of temper has been the besetting sin of my life. I was an only child, much indulged, and have never acquired the control over my passions that I ought to have acquired early—and the consequence is—all this."—Dr. John W. Webster's Confession of the killing of Dr. Parkman.

ARRIVAL OF THE ATLANTIC!

4 DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE!

ARRIVAL OF JENNY LIND.

NEW YORK, Sept. 1—P. M.

The American mail steamer Atlantic, arrived here to-day at 12 o'clock. She brings Liverpool dates to the 21st, and London to the 20th ult.

Jenny Lind, the distinguished vocalist, arrived in the Atlantic. She enjoys good health and is in fine spirits. There are in all 132 passengers on board.

The weather in England and Ireland was good, and the harvest promised abundantly.

Three failures, each to a large amount, had taken place in Hamburg, viz: E. C. Meyer, J. F. Hinch, and Hergert & Co. DENMARK AND SCHLESWIG. Accounts from Schleswig Holstein represent that the field operations of both armies have been completely suspended, but the general impression is that this stillness will not be of long duration. Some of the newly recruited Germans are said to be already murmuring at the inactivity, but they are compelled to submit.

HAMBURG, August 16.—The number of peasants who were suspected of having fired from their houses upon the Danish troops and had otherwise made themselves conspicuous in their conduct, have been restored to liberty, with the exception of two of the most prominent among them. The report which had been extensively published throughout Germany of some of the inhabitants of Frederickstadt, on the Eider, having been shot by martial law, has to be added equally to the list of Holstein inventions, as named in the reports from that place.

Another paragraph, from a Munich paper, of the 12th, states that the reports which have found their way into the Southern papers, and been thence copied into those of Northern Germany, regarding Louis, King of Bavaria, having, previous to his journey to A-haffenburg, sent to Col. Vandermant the sum of 33,000 florins, for the use of the Schleswig-Holstein army, in addition to another sum of 1,000, for a concert, cannot be traced to any source of positive truth.

FRANCE.

The speech of Louis Napoleon, at Lyons, on the occasion of the great banquet held there, has produced much sensation. The general feeling among the Legitimists and Democrats is that of satisfaction. Louis Napoleon announces his determination to remain at the head of affairs, if public opinion should favor him, without regard to obstacles placed in his way by the framers of the administration.

Late advices represent that much rain had fallen during the week, and that the wheat crop now cut would be seriously injured, in consequence of which prices were advancing.

Similar accounts had been received from Belgium.

THE HAVRE COTTON MARKET.

The Havre Cotton market was without special movement or change in prices.

BELGIUM.

Accounts from Belgium state that a large tract of country has been overflowed. The inundation extends over sixty miles; nearly all the low-lands are flooded, and corn is floating about, presenting a desolate scene. Thousands of acres are under water on each side of the railway, and it might be taken for a vast lake were it not for rows of trees that mark the margins of the submerged fields.

THE MARKETS.

LIVERPOOL, August 20.—The cotton market ruled heavy, and a decline of 1d. per lb. has taken place, within the past three days. The sales in the same amount to 9,500 bales.

Breadstuffs.—In London there was a fair supply of English wheat, and prices were one shilling lower. Indian corn quiet and dull. In Liverpool there was a good demand for flour, and prices maintained former quotations. Feed wheat had declined one to two pence per bushel. Corn quiet. Common American flour had declined 6d. per bbl.

Nothing new or important in provisions or groceries.

The money market, consols and foreign stocks, remain unchanged.

The news by this steamer is generally uninteresting, as the above pretty clearly indicates.

THREE DAYS LATER.

The Steamer Ibernia has arrived with Liverpool dates to the 24th ult. Cotton had advanced 1d. since the sailing of previous steamer. Greater animation in the market for breadstuffs.

In France things look stormy. President Napoleon has been turned out of a ball room at Brecon, and the room has to be cleared at the point of the bayonet. The Holsteins have dislodged the Danish outposts at Kropp, and their whole army has left Remsburg, and has advanced in the direction of the position of the Danish army.

Affairs in Germany are becoming more and more complicated.

Great interest is manifested in American politics.

OUTGOING U. S. SENATORS.

The following is a list of Senators whose terms expire in 1851, and whose successors will be chosen by the Legislatures to be elected this fall.

- *Phelps, of Vermont.
- *Greene, of Rhode Island.
- *Dayton, of New Jersey.
- *Wales, of Delaware.
- *Mason, of Virginia.
- *Turney, of Tennessee.
- *Cass, of Michigan.
- *Benton, of Missouri.
- *Rusk, of Texas.
- *Hamlin, of Maine.
- *Winthrop, of Massachusetts.
- *Dickinson, of New

to New York.

round at the aforementioned residence at all
times when not professionally engaged.
Pasquotank, Sept. 3. 2m.

will be forwarded on application to
M. Cox, Hertford, N. C.
Hertford, August 20th, 1850.

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City, Aug 27.

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6 Norfolk, Va. Au

No. 2, Campbell's wharf, Norfolk, Va.
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POETRY.

LABOR.

BY JAMES G. COOPER.

No! ye who scoff at toil worn clothes,
And those who wear them treat with scorn,
Who decked in garments fumed with rose,
Do never mix with lowly born;
Who on the Teller's shoulders, high—
The burdens grievous to be borne!
Who would not with your finger touch
Though life's blood by the bearing drawn;
Who, with a sneer, look at the hands
Worn hard by toil and honest use;
Who dream ye're born to give commands,
And on the Teller heap abuse.

Prey, who are you, who thus do find
Leisure at all times—ought to do—
N'er trying to elevate mankind:
Say! man of leisure, who are you?
Your clothes so fine, fixed with such care
Upon your idle, worthless frame,
N'er had been made, your carcase bare,
If all men were like you the same,
You do no good, ye're but the drones,
That buzz around great nature's hive;
Who strut and stretch your lazy bones,
And lo! at ease while others strive.

Why do ye not roll up your sleeves?
Why let not sweat roll freely down?
Why put not on the workman's cap?
'Tis easier than a King's crown!
If you'd but see real Kingly Men,
Happier with paper cap, than crown,
With traces on their faces, where
The sweat has rolled so freely down—
If so, be ye at Cleatham square,
On Saturday evening be the time;
There ye shall see by thousands—Kings,
Great Nature's Kings, Conquerors sublime.

THE "HOUSEHOLD DIRGE."

I've lost my little May at last!
She perished in the spring,
When earliest flowers began to bud,
And earliest birds to sing;
I laid her in a country grave,
A rural, soft retreat,
A marble tablet o'er her head,
And violets at her feet.

I wake the children up at dawn,
And say a simple prayer,
And draw them round the morning meal;
But one is wanting there!
I see a little chair apart,
A little pinafore,
And Memory fills the vacancy,
As Time will—nevermore!

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN TAYLOR.

The Tithon of the Backwoods Bar and Pulpit.

BY CHARLES SUMMERFIELD.

I can never forget my first vision of John Taylor. It was in the court-house at Lewisburg, Conway county, Arkansas, in the summer of 1838. The occasion itself possessed terrible interest. A vast concourse of spectators had assembled to witness the trial of a young and beautiful girl, on an indictment for murder. The Judge waited at the moment for the Sheriff to bring in the prisoner, and the eyes of the impatient multitude all centred on the door; when suddenly a stranger entered, whose appearance riveted universal attention.

Here is his portrait: a figure tall, lean, sinewy, and straight as an arrow; a face, sallow, bilious, and twitching incessantly, with nervous irritability; a brow, broad, massive, seemed filled with wrinkles, but not from age, for he was scarcely 40; eyes, reddish yellow, like the wrathful eagle, as bright as piercing steel, and finally, a mouth with lips of cast iron, thick, curled, cold, and sneering, the intense expression of which looked the living embodiment of an unbentured scorn. He was habited in a suit of new buckskin, ornamented after the fashion of Indian costume, with hues of every color of the rainbow.

Elbowing his way slowly through the crowd, and apparently unconscious that he was regarded as a phenomenon, needing explanation, this singular being advanced, and, with the haughty air of a king ascending the throne, seated himself within the bar, thronged as it was with the disciples of Coke and Blackstone, several of whom, it was known, esteemed themselves as far superior to those old and famous masters.

The contrast between the outlandish garb and disdained countenance of the stranger, excited, especially, the risibility of the lawyers; and the junior members began a suppressed titter, which grew louder, and soon swept around the circle. They doubtless supposed the intruder to be some wild hunter of the mountains, who had never before seen the interior of a hall of justice. Instantly the cause and object of the laughter perceived it, turned his head glaucously, so as to give each a laughing look—his lips curled with a killing smile of infinite scorn—his yellow eyes shot arrows of lightning—his tongue, protruding through his teeth, literally writhed like a serpent, and ejaculated its aspic-like passion in a single word: "Savages!"

No pen can describe the defiant force which he threw into that term, no pencil can paint the infernal furor of his utterance, although it hardly exceeded a whisper. But he accented every letter as if it were a separate emission of fire that scorched his quivering lips; laying horrible emphasis on the S, both at the beginning and end of the word—"Savages!"

It was the growl of the red tiger in the hiss of a rattlesnake. The general gaze, however, was diverted by the advent of the fair prisoner, who then came in, surrounded by her guard. The apparition was enough to drive a Saint mad; for here was a style of beauty to bewilder the tamest imagination and melt the coldest heart, leaving in both imagination and heart a gleaming picture, enameled in fire, and fixed in a frame of gold from the stars. It was a spell of enchantment to be felt as well as seen. You might feel it in the flushes of her countenance, clear as a stream, brilliant as the iris, in the

contour of her features, symmetrical as if cut by the chisel of the artist; in her hair of rich auburn ringlets, flowing without a break, softer than silk, finer than gossamer; in the eye, blue as the heaven of a southern summer, large, liquid, beaming; in her motions, graceful, swimming, like the gentle wafters of a bird's wing in the sunny air; in the figure, slight, ethereal—a sylph's or a siren's; and more than all, in the everlasting smile of the rosy lips, so arched, so serene, so like star-light, and yet possessing the power of magic or of magnetism to thrill the beholder's heart. As the unfortunate girl, so tastefully dressed, so incomparable as to personal charms, calm and smiling, took her place before the bar of her judge, a murmur of admiration arose from the multitude, which the prompt interposition of the court, by a stern order of "silence," could scarcely repress from swelling to a deafening cheer.

The Judge turned to the prisoner—Emma Miner, the court has been informed that your counsel, Col. Linton, is sick. Have you employed any other?

She answered, in a voice sweet as the warbling of a nightingale, and as clear as the song of the sky-lark—
"My enemies have bribed all the lawyers—even my own—to be sick; but God will defend the innocent!"

At this response, so touching in its simple pathos, a portion of the audience burst into applause, and the rest wept.

On the instant, however, the stranger, whose appearance had previously excited such merriment, started to his feet, approached the prisoner and whispered something in her ear. She bounded six inches from the floor, uttered a piercing shriek, and then stood trembling as if in the presence of a ghost from Eternity; while the singular being who had caused her unaccountable emotion addressed the court in his sharp ringing voice, sonorous as the sound of bell-metal—

"May it please your honor, I will assume the task of defending the lady!"
"What!" exclaimed the astonished Judge, "are you a licensed attorney?"
"The question is irrelevant and immaterial," replied the stranger, with a venomous sneer, "as the recent statute entitles any person to act as counsel at the request of a party."

"But does the prisoner request it?" inquired the Judge.

"Let her speak for herself," said the stranger.

"I do," was her answer, as a long drawn sigh escaped, that seemed to rend her very heart strings.

The case immediately progressed; and as it had a tinge of romantic mystery, we will epitomize the substance of the evidence.

About twelve months before, the defendant had arrived in the village, and opened an establishment of millinery. Residing in a row connected with her shop, and all alone, she prepared the articles connected with her highly respectable and honorable trade with unwearied labor and consummate taste. Her habits were secluded, modest and retiring; and hence she might have hoped to avoid notoriety, but for that perilous gift, that extraordinary beauty which too often, and to the poor and friendless always, proves a curse. She was soon sought after by all those glittering fire-flies of fashion. But the beautiful stranger rejected them all with unutterable scorn and loathing. Among these rejected admirers was one of a character from which the milliner had every thing to fear. Hiram Shore was at once opulent, influential and dissipated. He was himself licentious, brave and ferociously revengeful—the most famous duelist of the southwest. It was generally known that he had made advances to win the favor of the lovely Emma, and had shared the fate of all other wooers—a disdainful repulse.

At nine o'clock on Christmas night, 1837, the people of Lewisburg were startled by a loud scream of immortal terror, while, following with scarcely an interval, came successive reports of firearms, one, two, three, with a dozen deafening roars. They flew to the shop of the milliner, whence the sounds proceeded; pushed back the unfastened door, and a scene of horror was presented. There she stood in the centre of the room, with a revolver in each hand, every barrel discharged, her features pale, her eyes flashed wildly, and lips parted with a fearful smile. And there at her feet, weltering in his warm blood, lay the all-dreaded duelist, Hiram Shore, gasping in the last agony. He articulated, with a single gasp, the words—
"Tell my mother that I am dead and gone to hell!" and instantly expired.

"In the name of God, who did this?" exclaimed the appalled spectators.

"I did it!" said the beautiful milliner—"I did it to save my honor."

As may be readily imagined, the deed caused an intense sensation. Public opinion, however, was divided. The poorer classes, crediting the girl's version of the facts, lauded her heroism in terms of measureless eulogy. But the friends of the deceased, and of his wealthy family, gave a different and darker coloring to the affair, and denounced the lovely homicide as an atrocious criminal. Unfortunately for her, the officers of the law, especially the judge and sheriff, were devoted comrades of the slain, and displayed their feelings in revulsion and partiality. The judge committed her without the privilege of bail, and the sheriff chained her in a felon's dungeon!

Such is the brief extract of the circumstances developed in the examination of the witnesses. The testimony closed, and the pleading began.

First of all, three advocates spoke in succession for the prosecution; but neither names nor arguments are worth preserving. Orators of the blood and thunder genus, they about equally partitioned their howling eloquence between the prisoner and her leather-robed counsel, as if in doubt who of the twin was then on trial. As for the stranger, he seemed to pay not the slightest attention to his opponents, but remained motionless, with forehead bowed on his hands, like one buried in deep thought or slumber.

When the proper time came, however, he suddenly sprang to his feet, crossed the bar, and took his stand almost touching the jury. He then commenced with a whisper, but it was a whisper so wild, so clear, so unutterably ringing

and distinct, as to fill the hall from floor to galleries. At the outset, he dealt in pure logic, separating and combining the proven facts, till the whole mass of confused evidence looked transparent as a globe of glass, through which the innocence of his client shone, brilliant as a sunbeam; and the jurors nodded to each other of thorough conviction; that thrilling whisper, and fixed concentration, and the language, simple as a child's had convinced all.

He then changed his posture, so as to sweep the bar with his glance; and began to tear and rend his legal adversaries. His sallow face glowed as a heated furnace, his eyes resembled living coals; and his voice became the clangor of a trumpet. I have never, before or since, listened to such murderous denunciations. It was like Jove's eagle charging a flock of crows. It was like Jove himself hurling red hot thunder-bolts among the quaking ranks of conspiracy of inferior gods! And yet in the highest tempest of fury he seemed calm; he employed no gestures save one—the flash of a long forefinger directed in the eyes of the foes. He painted their venality and unmanly meanness, in coalescing, for money, to hunt down a poor and friendless woman, till a shout of stifled rage arose from the multitude, and even some of the jury cried "shame!"

He changed the theme once more—His voice grew mournful as a funeral song, and his hands were writhing as he traced a vivid picture of man's cruelties and woman's wrongs, with peculiar illustrations in the case of his client, till one-half of the audience wept like children. But it was in the peroration that he reached the zenith, at once, of terror and sublimity. His features were livid as those of a corpse, his very hair appeared to stand on end; his nerves shook as with a palsy; he tossed his hands wildly towards heaven, each finger stretched apart and quivering like the flame of a candle, as he closed with the last words of the deceased Hiram Shore: "Tell mother that I am dead and gone to hell!" His emphasis on the word hell embodied the acme and ideal of all horror; it was a wail of immeasurable despair. No language can depict the effect on us who heard it. Men groined, females screamed, and one poor mother fainted, and was borne away in convulsions.

The whole speech occupied but an hour. The jury rendered a verdict of "Not Guilty," without leaving the box; and three cheers, like successive roars of an earthquake, shook the old court house from the dome to the corner-stone, testifying the joy of the people. After the adjournment, which occurred near sunset, the triumphant advocate arose, and gave out an appointment: "I will preach in this house to night at 8 o'clock."

He then glided off through the crowd, speaking to no one, though many attempted to draw him into conversation. The jury rendered a verdict of "Not Guilty," without leaving the box; and three cheers, like successive roars of an earthquake, shook the old court house from the dome to the corner-stone, testifying the joy of the people. After the adjournment, which occurred near sunset, the triumphant advocate arose, and gave out an appointment: "I will preach in this house to night at 8 o'clock."

At 8 o'clock the court house was again thronged, and the stranger, according to promise, delivered his sermon: It evinced the same attribute as his previous eloquence at the bar; the same compact logic, the same burning vehemence, and increased bitterness of denunciation.

THE TWO WAYS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

James Lewis was fifteen years old. Like many lads of his age, he felt, at times, that the parental hand, which sought to guide him, drew upon him the rein too often. He wished to do many things that his father disapproved, and often became impatient when checked by one wiser and more experienced than himself.

In this respect, James was like most young persons, who think their parents or guardians over-particular about them, and more inclined to abridge their pleasures than to widen the sphere of their enjoyment.

"I think father is very unkind," we have heard a boy say, when the act of his parent was dictated by the tenderest regard for his welfare.

"Mother never likes to see me enjoying myself," says a little girl, when some restriction is laid upon her. And yet that very restriction is meant to save her from years of misery in after life.

Children are not apt to think that their parents are older and more experienced than themselves, and in consequence know better than they what is for their good. Nor do they comprehend the loving and thoughtful care, deepening often into anxious solicitude, with which they are ever regarded. We do not greatly wonder at this, because the minds of children are not perfected, and their store of experience is small. Still, they are able to understand what their parents teach them, and to act more wisely than if they followed only their own inclinations. And it is to help them to act more wisely, and thus to secure happiness in the future, that their parents and friends so often present good precepts to their minds, correct in them what they see to be wrong, and seek so constantly to turn their feet into ways of safety.

But we were going to relate something about a lad named James Lewis, who was fifteen years old. A boy who has gained that age, generally has his mind pretty well stored from books, and is able to think on a good many subjects. And he is, moreover, very apt to have a pretty good opinion of himself, and to believe that he knows, even better than his father, what is best for him.

James was just such a lad as we have here pictured, and his father often felt troubled about him, when he saw how perseveringly he sought to have his own way, even though it was not opposed by his parents.

"My son," said Mr. Lewis, one day, after having vainly endeavored to make James understand that something he wished to do was wrong, "there are two ways in life—one leading to happiness, and the other to misery. At first, they run almost side by side, and we may easily step from one to the other; but soon they diverge widely, and never come in sight of each other again. The path that leads to destruction, my son, looks more inviting to the young and inexperienced than the one that leads to happiness. The flowers that grow along its margin have brighter hues and a more attractive perfume, while in the distance a hundred bright prospects are given to the eyes. The young are naturally inclined

to walk in this path. But God has given to their parents and friends, to point them to the better way, and lead them therein.

"They stand as angels of mercy sent from Heaven to guide them to the Way of Life. James try, and let this thought sink into your mind. And now I leave you free, in this instance, to act as your own mind may direct. I have pointed out the danger that is before you, I have told you that the way in which you desire to walk is not the right way. That what we feel inclined to do, is not always best for us, because our hearts are evil, and inclined to lead us into evil. Left free as I now leave you, my son, let me earnestly entreat you to choose the path of safety. It may be so inviting at first, you may not be able to enter it except through self-denial; but you will not walk in it long before discovering that the flowers which spring up here and there have a sweet and soothing perfume, and that your feet are not weary, although the way looked rough when viewed from the point where it diverged from the path I have so earnestly warned you not to take."

We are sorry to say that the words of Mr. Lewis did not sink so deeply in the heart of James as they should have done. It is true that he thought about them, and, to a certain extent, comprehended their meaning. But his inclination was stronger than his reason. As his father had not laid a command on him, he after a struggle in his own mind between a sense of right and a desire to enter into a pleasure whose charms his imagination had heightened, suffered himself to enter the way in which was no safety, and, before he dreamed of danger, he was led aside into the commission of an act that violated both human and Divine laws.

When James returned home, he felt afraid to meet his father. Oh, how unhappy he was! He had gathered the first fruit that hung temptingly from the branches that bent over the way he had chosen to walk in, but it had proved to his taste as bitter as wormwood. All that his father had said, when warning him not to choose the path of error, came vividly to his mind, and almost with tears he repented of his folly. Alone in his room, bowed down with shame and self-condemnation, James Lewis sat after the shadows of evening had fallen. Gradually, as the twilight deepened, and his eyes ceased to reflect the objects around him, the mind of the lad became filled with confused and rapidly changing images.

Suddenly there was a great change. He found himself standing on a beautiful plain, from which departed two roads, toward which he was walking. His mind was tranquil and happy. Bright flowers sprang thickly beside it, and trees, among the branches of which sported birds of the gayest plumage, grew all along its borders. The other road presented nothing attractive. The margin was nearly barren, and it began to ascend a steep and somewhat rugged hill. As James drew near the point where these two ways diverged, he met an old man, with a mild countenance, and eyes lit up with wisdom.

"You see before you," said the old man to him, "the Way of Life and the Road to Destruction. Choose now which way you will walk in. The Road to Destruction looks far more inviting at the entrance than the Way of Life; but the flowers you see have no sweet perfume, the fruits that hang temptingly from trees are bitter to the taste, and the road which looks so smooth and pleasant is, in reality, rough and stony."

"The farther you go in this road, the less attractive it becomes; but, with every step of progress in the Way of Life, the more beautiful will all appear. The one leads to Death, the other to Life. Choose, now, the way in which you will walk."

The boy paused only for a few moments. He looked, first, at the unattractive way, and then at the path so full of beauty.

"The old man has erred," said he in his heart. "This is the Road to Happiness and to life, and the other is the way to destruction." And then he entered, with hurrying feet, the Road to Destruction. Earnestly the old man called after him, and tenderly did he warn him; but the boy heeded him not.

In his eagerness to reach a spot at a short distance from the point where the two roads separated, and at which there was a beautiful arbor, with a fountain throwing bright waters into the sunny air, his foot struck against a stone that was not perceived, and he fell to the earth with a stunning jar. He was in so much pain from the fall, when he reached the green arbor, that he could not enjoy its pleasant shade, nor take delight in the beautiful fountain. With a groan he threw himself at full length upon the green sward, where he had lain only a few minutes, when he sprung to his feet in sudden terror, for close to him had crept a poisonous serpent, that was just about striking him with its deadly fang.

With less ardor the boy moved on in the way he had chosen. Such a number of flowers, glowing in the hues of the rainbow, arrested his eyes; and he stepped aside to gather them. But their odor was so offensive that he threw them to the earth quickly. Another flower tempted him by its beauty; but, in plucking it, he tore his hand with thorns.

Pausing now, he looked back, and the wish arose in his mind that he had taken the other road. He would have retraced his steps, but he remembered the serpent at the fountain, and feared to go by that dangerous place again. So he moved on once more. Far in advance, there opened before him a beautiful prospect, and he pressed on to enjoy the scene. But, all was an illusion—like a mirage in the desert. When he gained the spot, the attraction had disappeared. And now the road began to ascend, and to wind along the skirt of a forest. His heart grew faint as he entered deeper into this gloomy district, and yet saw no open space ahead.

As he walked fearfully along, a roar shook the earth; then a beast of prey rushed past him, and struck his fangs deep into the vitals of some weaker animal. Terrorgave wings to his feet, and he ran deeper and deeper into the forest. Night at length began to come. It was with difficulty that he could see his way,

or keep in the path, which had become so rough that he stumbled at almost every step. His feet were bruised and cut, and he walked onward in pain.

"Oh, that I had taken the other road," he said, pausing in the midst of the dark forest, and looking back. But the cry of a wild beast arose in the direction from which he had come. He moved again, when, suddenly, a meteor shot across the sky. By the light which it gave, he saw himself on the very edge of a fearful gulf, down which he gazed in horror. Another step and he would have been lost. The shock startled him from his dream.

All was dark in the chamber where James Lewis sat, and it was some moments before he could realize the fact that he was safe in his father's house, with the two ways in life yet before him, and in freedom to choose the one in which he would walk.

Dear children, if you wish to enter the right way—the Way of Life, leading to everlasting felicity—you must do so through obedience. You cannot, yourselves, know this way. It must be pointed out to you, if left to yourselves, you would be almost certain to take the Road of Destruction. The way of obedience is the way of safety. This way does not look inviting at first, but, when you have once entered it, you will find that it grows more pleasant, attractive and beautiful, at every step. Unlike the other way, no serpents lurk amid the waving grass; no thorns are among its flowers; it leads through no dark forest abounding in ravenous beasts. And, unlike the way which terminates in the gulf of Destruction, it ends in the garden of God.—*Youths' Friend.*

A THRILLING STORY.

THE FEMALE ASSASSIN.

As related by Prince Cambaceres, Arch-Chancellor of the French Empire.

About the close of the government of the Directory, the keeper of the *hotel garni*, in Rue de l'Université, waited on the minister of Police, and in a state of great agitation, stated that one of his lodgers, whom he named, had been murdered on the preceding night. He had engaged the lodging about six o'clock in the evening, describing himself as an inhabitant of Melun, who had come to Paris for a day or two on business. After ordering his chamber to be prepared for him, he went out, saying that he was going to the Odeon, and would return immediately after the performance. About midnight he returned, but not alone; he was accompanied by a young and beautiful female dressed in male attire, whom he stated to be his wife, and they were shown to the apartment which had been prepared. In the morning, continued the hotel keeper, the lady went out; she appeared to be fearful that her husband should be disturbed; and she desired that no one should enter the room until her return. Several hours elapsed, and she did not make her appearance; at mid-day, considerable surprise was manifested at the prolonged absence, and the servants at the hotel knocked at the gentleman's door, but without receiving any answer. It was now discovered that the lady had locked the door, and carried the key away with her. The door was broken open, and the unfortunate man was found dead in his bed. A doctor was sent for, and he declared it to be his opinion that the man's death had been caused by a blow of a hammer adroitly inflicted on the left temple. The female never again appeared; she was sought for in vain.

In about a month after a similar murder was committed. The victim was likewise a man from the country, and his death was produced in the manner I have before described. The affair excited considerable consternation in Paris. Within another fortnight, a third crime of the same kind was committed; and in these affairs, the mysterious female in man's attire was involved. It is scarcely credible, but nevertheless true, that eighteen or twenty of these extraordinary murders were committed with impunity! In every instance the little that was seen of the woman rendered it difficult for any one to give a minute description of her person, all the information that could be obtained was, that she was young, very pretty, little, and well formed. This description of course answered that of many women in Paris besides the murderers.

Meanwhile, Napoleon arrived from Egypt, and possessed himself of the head of government. Being informed of the atrocities which had been committed in the capital, he directed that active measures should be taken for the detection of the criminal. He spoke to Fouché on the subject. At that time the capital was filled with Fouché's spies. One of these spies, a fine looking young man about twenty, was one evening accosted in the street by a person whom he at first supposed to be a very handsome youth. He passed on, but suddenly the thought struck him that the person who had spoken to him was a woman in disguise, and he immediately recollected the female assassin.

"It is she," he exclaimed; "I have discovered her, and my fortune is made!" He turned back and entered into conversation with her. She at first denied her disguise, but finally acknowledged it, and the young man prevailed on the nymph to accompany him home in the character of a young relation from the country.

"Where do you live?" she inquired. He named a hotel in which one of the mysterious murders had been committed. "Oh, no; I cannot go." "Why?" "Because I am known there."

These words confirmed the suspicions of the police agent. He alluded to his property, and mentioned two hundred louis which his uncle had given him, of which he said he had spent the twentieth part, adding: "Well, then, if you will not go to my lodging, where else shall we go?" The female mentioned a hotel, to which they immediately repaired. The young man was about to leave the room to order supper, when the woman called him back.

"Will it be safe," said she, "to leave your money all night at your lodgings? Is it not likely you may be robbed?" Suppose you go and bring it here?"

"Ah!" thought the young man, "the veil is now raised;" and then, without the least appearance of suspicion, he thanked her for her prudent hint, and went away, under pretext of going to fetch the money.

He immediately repaired to the office of the police minister, and gave information of the discovery he had made. Furnished with the sum of one hundred and eighty louis, he returned to the house where he had left the woman.—He was accompanied by several agents of the police, who stationed themselves at the door of the apartment. The murderer and her pretended lover sat down to supper. She requested him to hand her handkerchief, which she had left on a console behind her chair. He rose to get it, and during the instant that his back was turned, she poured a powerful narcotic into his glass.

He did not perceive this, and drank off his glass of wine hastily; but he had no sooner swallowed it, than he exclaimed, "what wretched wine!"

The lady made the same complaint. A second glass was poured out and pronounced better. Meanwhile the young man felt his head becoming quite giddy and confused, and his lips growing stiff. With well acted composure, the woman, the murderer, rose, and threw her arms around his neck, apparently with the intention of supporting his head. At this very moment he mechanically raised his hand, and felt the hammer in the side pocket of the coat worn by the female. He felt conscious of the danger of his situation; he attempted to rise and leave the room, but his strength failed him.—He tried to speak, but his tongue was paralyzed. By one desperate struggle he made a faint outcry, and then fell on the floor in a state of utter insensibility. The woman drew her little hammer from her pocket, and laid it on the ground. She then searched her victim, took the purse, and deposited it in the pocket she wore. She placed his head in the requisite position to receive the deadly blow, and she raised her right arm for the purpose of inflicting it when the fatal hammer was suddenly wrested from the grasp. The police agents opportunely entered the room at that moment.

On her first examination she gave the following romantic account of herself. She was of a respectable family and of irreproachable conduct, but having bestowed her affections on a young man who had treacherously forsaken her, she had from that moment vowed implacable hatred to all the male sex, and the murders she had committed were actuated by no other motive but vengeance for the injury inflicted on her feelings. Would it be believed that there were persons weak enough to pity this victim of betrayed affections? The sensibilities of the world, especially of the great world, are often ridiculous and sometimes very blameable. An effort was made to screen the wretched victim from the punishment of the law. When asked why she committed robbery as well as murder, her defenders could give no satisfactory reply. The criminal, however, underwent the penalty of the law; and certainly, society has reason to rejoice that the punishment of death had not been abolished.

YOUNG LAWYERS.

A young lawyer being asked if he practised speech-making much, replied, "I am at it every morning. Immediately on leaping out of bed I convert my chamber into the court. I stick that old portrait of father's before the glass, and there's my lord staring me full in the face. On my right, I establish a row of boots—those are the gentlemen of the jury; on my left is the cupboard or witness box, while on the cane-bottomed chairs before me are seated a lot of my learned friends."

"Well, I conceive the case opened.—It's an action for anything—say, for breach of promise—and then I begin. If I'm for the plaintiff, of course I pile up the pathetic; if for the defendant, I reduce the thing to a mere bagatelle. For the plaintiff, I describe in tones and strains which bring tears into the eyes of the row of boots—I mean the intelligent gentlemen of the jury—how fondly, how fondly, how passionately she loved the recreant, base, and black hearted defendant. If for him, I transfer her affection to show that she never loved him at all.—And I'm as likely to be right in the one case as in the other, for how can I tell whether she loved him or not?"

"In a case of this kind, however, give me the plaintiff. I see a tear starting in every eye. I hear the ladies sighing and sobbing around me—and while the intelligent men of the jury are blowing their noses with unexampled violence, lest it should be thought that they could shed a tear, I behold the judge working his facial muscles up his mouth into all sorts of shapes, as if from the depths of his emotion he would say—I'll tell you what it is, I can't stand this much longer."

One of the most beautiful evidences of a kind heart was exhibited on Saturday morning, by a little girl about ten years of age. The young lady was tripping along gaily through Broadway, when she encountered a poor old blind woman, who held out her hand for charity. "Are you very poor?" asked the sympathising little creature. "Yes, my child," said the beggar, in a pitiful voice, "for humanity's sake assist me." "Well," said she, "I can do without the ribbon I wanted, take this," and she left in the hand of the old blind woman a dime, and ran off with great rapidity, before the mendicant could thank her for her generous gift and Christian self-denial.—*Ilbany Knickerbocker.*

"LINES" by the editor of the Freeport, Ill., paper: Come back ye sinners, mean and greedy, Rich or ragged, lean or fat— Come pay the sum you owe us speedily For the Prairie Democrat. Don't be lurking round the bushes, Perhaps you'll find a hemp cravat! We know that conscience often pushes Those who cheat the Democrat!

BE VIGILANT.

Man was never made for sleeping, 'Mid the stirring scenes of life; Not for jesting—not for weeping— But for earnest, active strife;

HINTS TO HUSBANDS.

BY A WOMAN.

Do not jest with your wife upon a subject in which there is danger of wounding her feelings. Remember that treasures every word that you utter, though you may never think of it.

Do not speak of some virtue in your man's wife, to remind your own fault.

Do not reproach your wife with some defect, for if she has sensibility you inflict a wound difficult to heal.

Do not treat your wife with intemperance in company. It touches her pride and she will not respect you more for love better for it.

Do not upbraid your wife in the presence of a third person. The sense of disgrace for her feelings, prevent her from acknowledging fault.

Do not entertain your wife with the beauty and accomplishments of other women.

Do not, too often, invite your wife to ride, and leave your wife at home. She might suspect that you esteem others more companionable than her.

If you would have a pleasant home cheerful wife, pass your evenings at your own room.

Do not be stern and silent in your house, and remarkable for social elsewhere.

Remember that your wife has as much need of recreation as yourself, and vote a portion, at least, of your leisure, to such society and amusement as she may join. By so doing, you secure her smiles, and increase affection.

Do not, by being too exact in petty matters, make your wife feel her dependence upon your bounty. It tends to lessen her dignity of character, does not increase her esteem for you. If she is a sensible woman, she should be acquainted with your business, know your income—that she may be able to manage her household expenses accordingly. Let it be remembered that your wife has an equal right with you to all you possess in the world—the she should be made acquainted, as far as possible, with the which is of great importance to both. Do not hold this knowledge in order to your own extravagance. Woman perceives perception—be sure she covers your selfishness—and that word is spoken, from that moment respect is lessened, her confidence diminished, her pride wounded, a thousand, perhaps unjust, suspicions created. From that moment is your domestic comfort on the wane.

LOVE'S LAST REQUEST.